

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

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The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

DONNA Isabella, his daughter, was then introduced; nothing could be more captivating than the appearance of this young lady; handsome, engaging, polite, and sensible, she made herself an interest in your heart at the first glance.

Not so the brother, he was the counterpart of the mother, with the additional consequence he derived to himself from being an officer.

ADELAIDE, awed by the grandeur of Donna Maria, like the sensitive plant, shrunk humbly from her touch, and felt her own insignificance when presented by the countess as an amiable young person under her protection. The lady vouchsafed a cold compliment, but the good natured Isabella advanced to her, and congratulated herself on the pleasure of entertaining such a charming guest.

The heart of ADELAIDE expanded at once; here seemed a kindred mind; she had been unused to receive kindness from a female for many years, and the sweetness of this young lady's tones, penetrated to her soul. She replied with a spirit and frankness, that delighted Isabella, and in one hour they conceived an affection that was never obliterated in their bosoms to the end of their lives.

Don Felix, the brother of Isabella, abated of something of his natural dignity of manners, when he addressed ADELAIDE; he saw she was charming, and his heart acknowledged she was fascinating; the more

he examined her, the more interesting she grew, and it was necessary for pride to remind him, "she was a young person under the protection of the countess," or in other words, as he understood it, a dependent upon her.

The evening passed without pleasure to any one, but the two young ladies. Don Diego was struck with the beauty of the humble ADELAIDE; his son could not defend his heart from her charms. The countess watched the direction of their eyes with a malignant envy; and the lady Salverda conceived a violent dislike to both of her guests.

When she retired for the night, Isabella accompanied her new acquaintance to her apartment; she saw that she was pensive, and apparently not happy, and had too much penetration not to distinguish the cause, in the haughty looks of the countess.

"Ah?" said she, taking ADELAIDE's hand, with an air of kindness, "how grieved am I to understand you must leave us so soon; is there no mode of persuasion likely to be successful with the countess, to induce her to remain for some time here?"

"I know of none," replied ADELAIDE, "she is on a tour of pleasure, and I believe intends visiting all the capital cities in Spain."

"Such a tour must be very delightful," replied the other, "yet I wish she would defer her intention, and remain some time here; I feel that I should dearly love you."

"And I, madam," replied ADELAIDE, tears dropping on her cheeks, "I am truly sensible of your kindness, my heart is neither cold nor ungrateful, but my destiny is very unfortunate, and my wishes must be superceded by the commands of the countess."

"How much you interest me," said Isabella; "your destiny unfortunate! your candour charms me, whilst your words grieve me; for I am already persuaded you deserve to be happy; but there is no situation that has not its comparative disagreeables in every rank of life, nor any state so unpleasant, but may derive some consolation within itself, when rectitude is the guide of their actions. Merit, such as your's, must at one time or other, triumph over the destiny which you complain against. I am sure the countess is a fortunate woman, in possessing such an amiable young friend."

ADELAIDE struggled to suppress a sigh, but could not reply; the other seeing the depression of her spirits, redoubled her kindness, without being impertinently inquisitive; and when they parted for the night, felt a sentiment more lively than compassion, for it was mixed with love and respect.

The unfortunate girl, when left alone, run over past occurrences, and contemplated her present prospects; they were such as afforded no pleasure; that air and language of protection the countess assumed, wounded her deeply; she was not insensible of her obligations, but she thought a delicate mind would rather wish to lessen her sense of them, than so carelessly present her to the notice of others, as to draw the scornful glance she still felt painful, in remembering the haughty air of Donna Maria, and the presuming one in Don Felix.

It was several hours before she could compose herself to rest, from which she was awakened in the morning by the opening of her door.

"Have I disturbed you?" asked Isabella.

"I am ashamed to answer you," said the other, "but indeed I did not close my eyes till morning; but I will soon be ready."

The kind young lady staid to assist her, and said a hundred obliging things to her.

When dressed, she repaired to the countess, who was also dressing, and whom she attended to the breakfast room, which opened into a spacious and beautiful garden.

Donna Maria preserved the same dignity of look and demeanor; the countess supported her own consequence. The gentlemen could not disguise their admiration of Adelaide, and she felt equal pain and confusion, whenever she endeavoured to raise her eyes, and meet the different glances of the company.

Isabella, who read her thoughts, seized the first opportunity to ask her to walk, she readily consented; they withdrew to the garden. Don Felix followed them, and in less than ten minutes they were joined by the whole company. After admiring the garden, and paying some compliments to the taste of the owners, the countess turning to Adelaide, said, " 'Tis time we should now prepare for our journey."

"How, Madam!" exclaimed Don Diego, "did you not purpose remaining here two or three days? Has any thing disgusted you here, that you talk of leaving us so suddenly?"

"By no means," replied she, coolly, "but I am impatient to arrive at Estella; I expect letters to meet me there, and the weather being fine, I should be wrong to delay my journey."

It was settled that the ladies should pursue their journey at a very early hour in the morning, in consequence of which, their servants had orders to attend, and they took leave of the family over night.

Isabella accompanied Adelaide to her room; "We must part then," said she, "with the warmest esteem I ever felt. You will forget us in the variety of scenes that must engage your attention, and the regret of this parting will be all my own."

"How little do you know me," answered Adelaide, in a tone of sorrow, "kindness like yours, so frankly bestowed, has a claim upon the sensibility of any one; how much more so upon a friendless orphan, without any pretensions to merit the distinction you honour her with; never, never will your goodness be effaced from my memory."

"A friendless orphan!" exclaimed Isabella, "Oh, my sweet friend, would to heaven I had the power of bestowing happiness and independence on worth like your's, but you must see that a superior power in this castle carries all before it, and to that power I could not wish you to be subjected. My father is mild and generous, but, even his protection I dare not claim for you; but perhaps the countess has claims upon you?"

"Not of affinity," answered Adelaide, "nor any but such as I choose to allow of. Without friends, fortune, or a home, she has offered me her protection; while I accept of it, she is intitled to my gratitude; but if she abuses her power, and seeks to enchain my mind by a haughty authority, I must seek an asylum in a convent, as a more desirable situation."

"I approve highly of your sentiments," returned the other, "they are becoming of

a noble spirit. Let us correspond; be perfectly unreserved to me; should a convent become a necessary retreat, which heaven forbid! 'tis possible I may serve you."

"But wanderers as we shall be," said Adelaide, "it is impossible I can hear from you."

"That is indeed unfortunate," replied she; then pausing a moment, "I will return instantly," added she, and flew out of the room; she was not wanting five minutes.

"I am now going to put your esteem for me to the test, and if you wish to give me consequence in my own eyes, by the delight of accommodating you, I intreat you to take this purse. There is sufficient to pay for six months pension in any convent; should the countess treat you ill, apply boldly to any religious house for protection; six months in advance will procure you admittance; you can then write to me, and I will engage to pay your pension, till some favorable event shall restore you to the world."

She urged her request so warmly, assuring her that the money was useless to her, and probably might preserve Adelaide from insult and danger, that however repugnant to her feelings, to owe a favor of such magnitude to a stranger, she was obliged to comply. She embraced her; a flood of tears precluded words, but they were not requisite to speak the feelings of her heart. Isabella translated her looks, and they parted in emphatic silence.

She soon received a summons to attend the countess, and after taking some chocolate, they pursued their route towards Estella, without seeing any of the family in the castle, but servants.

They had not proceeded far before Don Felix appeared at the carriage.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the countess, "what has brought you this way?"

"To attend on you, Madam," replied he, "if you will permit me that honour: I have some friends at Estella, I could not take a better opportunity to see them, than when I might have the pleasure of escorting, and, perhaps of being serviceable to you, in a city where you are entirely unknown."

The countess was not a little gratified by the polite attention of this young officer, who rode by the side of the carriage, and spoke entirely to her.

On their arrival at Estella, they alighted at a house of a very decent appearance, and were presently waited upon by the governor of the city, who welcomed Don Felix and his friends with much kindness.

He slept at the governor's, but attended the countess early the next morning, to devote himself to her for the day.

The governor was a bachelor of about five and thirty, with all the romantic politeness of the days of chivalry.

The countess appeared delighted with the adulation she received.

Adelaide found her advantages in the homage paid to her protectress, she was in a constant flow of spirits and good humour, which was diffused on all around her.

Near a week had passed in a variety of amusements. Estella was a gay and very genteel city, and the disagreeables on the road were all forgotten.

One morning the countess sent for Adelaide before her usual time of attendance.

"My dear child," said she, "I have something to communicate that will give you the highest pleasure, and I believe, equal surprise; the governor is enamoured of you, he has demanded of me your name, birth, and family, (fortune, I had before told him you had none) if he finds neither incompatible with his honour, he proposes making you an offer of his hand."

Adelaide was astonished and confounded; "Indeed madam," answered she, "I am greatly surprised, and no less grieved, that I cannot accept an offer that seems to have your approbation."

"How, not accept of it! What is it you mean? Dare you not abide by the conditions?"

"Madam," said she, "when I decline the offer, I am not obliged to make any confessions disagreeable to myself, yet justice compels me to say, my birth is noble, my name has never deservedly incurred any disgrace; but I am bound by the most solemn promises, to discover neither."

"Why I am all astonishment," cried the countess, "I do not comprehend all this mystery—these promises you speak of; have you not said you were an orphan, and friendless? Who then has the power to hold you to such absurd promises as must deprive you of every hope of an establishment for life?"

"I am, in every sense of the word, an orphan," replied Adelaide, tears trembling on her eyes; "my promises were given to my father, and I hold them sacred, so that no temptation on earth shall induce me to break them. I am grieved to have incurred your displeasure; I feel my obligations to that gentleman, but acknowledgment is all the return in my power to bestow."

"I am sorry to have no more influence over you," answered she, coldly, with an inclination of her head, signifying she might withdraw.

She readily obeyed the intimation, but her heart was full, and the moment she quitted the room, she burst into a flood of tears.

[The countess soon after retired] to give the governor an account of her commission. He heard her with equal surprise and concern, and after pausing a moment, asked if he might be permitted to speak to her himself.

"Undoubtedly," replied she, haughtily; "but it will be strange indeed, if she is more unreserved to you than to me, who has been her benefactress: however, I will send for her, and you may try your influence."

Adelaide appeared, confused and trembling.

"Pardon me, Madam," said he, "if I am guilty of an intrusion. I ventured to solicit the interest of the countess in my favor. The first moment I saw you, I was charmed with your appearance; every day, every hour that I have had the pleasure of being in your company, has confirmed that prepossession. I am conscious of my deficiencies, of my want of attraction for so young a woman, but I have every possible inclination to study the happiness of the w-

man, who will condescend to accept of my hand."

This address, so contrary to what she had expected, surprised Adelaide; but endeavouring to collect herself, she made this reply; "I feel myself under the warmest obligations to you, Sir, for the distinction you honour me with. The countess has reported to me your sentiments in my favour; it becomes me to be perfectly candid on this occasion, and therefore frankly tell you, I am without friends or fortune; even my name is assumed, the misfortunes of my family are sacred, but they are insuperable obstacles to my forming connections with any gentleman. I thank you, Sir, for your favourable opinion of me. I will not say that I am undeserving of it, for my principles are just and virtuous; but the circumstances attached to me, must for ever preclude me from receiving any benefit from that distinction."

The governor listened with marks of admiration; he was a man of nice honour, and strong feelings. Her unassuming good sense, delicacy, and modesty, united with a lovely person, had entirely captivated his heart.

"I have heard you," said he, "with concern, because the subject must be painful to you; but I am convinced, a young woman, capable of so much frankness and honour, deserves a much higher rank than I have the power to offer you; but I beseech you to take time to reflect; I entreat you to accept of a name, of a rank, and of a fortune, with the tenderest endeavours of an obliged man, to make you forget the misfortunes that only render you more respectable in my eyes. I pledge my honour, which is sacred, never to pry into any one circumstance that has befallen yourself or family."

With a low bow, he quitted the room, and left Adelaide more astonished and perplexed than ever she was in her life.

She returned to her apartment, and began to reflect seriously on the noble and disinterested offer, so unexpectedly and unequivocally made to her; she stood alone in the world, without a friend or protector: the countess had already treated her with haughtiness and contempt. She was now offered rank and independence, with a worthy character she esteemed, but she felt not any preference for him. When she had weighed every prospect that was before her, she concluded that it would be more honourable to accept of Isabella's generous offer, and retire to a convent, than either marry a worthy man, without a decided preference in his favour, or continue to receive obligations from a woman, who seemed inclined to make her feel the full weight of them, and perhaps exact compliances, she could not, consistent with her own feelings, accord with.

Under this impression, she wrote, without further hesitation, to Isabella, and opened her intentions and situation without reserve. As the letter was written unknown to the countess, she was obliged to study how it might be carried to the post, when very opportunely Antoine summoned her to dinner; she gave him the letter, and requested he would convey it for her. He readily

assured her he would take it after the dinner was over, and in the hope that she should soon be freed from her present disagreeable situation, she entered the room with a more cheerful air than common.

Don Lopez (the governor) treated her with more than common respect, which was redoubled, on observing the negligence of the countess. Don Felix kept an excellent guard on his words and actions, but now and then gave Adelaide such looks, as explained the nature of his sentiments.

That evening there was to be a ball at the castle, which the governor gave in honour of the strangers. He had a very brilliant assembly; and the countess had her vanity abundantly gratified by the marked attention of the company; nor was her young protegee neglected: on the contrary, all the gentlemen did homage to her charms, and the governor's partiality could not pass unobserved.

Donna Padilla de Lamas, a lady of some rank in Estella, had long flattered herself with being the object of the governor's adorations: this evening convinced her of her self-delusion, and she was inconceivably mortified at the discovery, having lived to the age of forty without being married. Her hatred to the innocent cause of her disappointment, rose in proportion to the attentions of Don Lopez, and she resolved to cultivate an acquaintance with the countess, that she might have an opportunity to throw obstacles in the way of his amour. With this view, she paid that lady a thousand civilities, and mentioned her intention of paying her respects to her the following day.

The countess saw envy and jealousy in every glance, and felt no small pleasure in the idea of an associate, who would join to humble and mortify this insignificant girl, who more than divided with her the general admiration. Before the evening closed, they were quite intimate.

The following morning brought her early to the countess's toilet; reciprocity of sentiment produced equal regards, and the prettiest compliments in the world were bandied about from one to the other. From praising each other, they fell into conversation relative to an insignificant being, whom they vilified without mercy.

"My dear countess," said Padilla, "give your concurrence to my plans, and I'll soon rid you of this little impertinent, who fascinates with her youth and affectation, to the prejudice of superior charms, and will sting the heart of her benefactress."

The countess was going to reply in words of grateful exultation, for the kindness of her new friend, when Adelaide entered the room, with an air of soft dignity, an expression so interesting in her countenance, that both ladies shrunk at her presence for a moment, abashed at their base designs, till envy and jealousy recalled their spirits, and increased their warmth.

"You are late in your attendance, I think," said the countess, haughtily; while Donna Padilla returned a stiff, supercilious bow, to the compliment Adelaide paid to her.

Hurt by the reflection, she apologized for her remissness, by saying, "that she had no

rest the first part of the night, and had dropped asleep at a late hour of the night, forgetful of the time."

"Such late hours, and entertainments, are not, I believe, suited to you," returned the countess, coldly, "therefore I shall not ask you to attend me to such in future."

"Oh, by no means," cried Padilla, smiling maliciously, your little protegee is unacquainted with the great world: when persons are lifted up out of the sphere they have been accustomed to, their health and understanding is too generally the sacrifice."

Adelaide turned and hastily quitted the room, resentment could no longer suppress her tears, at a reception so mortifying.

Painful in the extreme, were the reflections that crowded upon her mind, and were it not for the cheering hope, that Donna Isabella would soon realize the kind promises she had made to her at parting, her reason might have sunk under the conflict of her feelings.

Donna Padilla honoured her new friend with her company at dinner, and when Adelaide entered the room, to take her place at the table, every eye was turned upon her; the anxiety of her mind was portrayed in her expressive countenance: she endeavoured to assume a tranquil air, but was too artless to succeed.

The governor tenderly enquired if she was not well: Don Felix looked the same question.

"Not perfectly so," replied she, "but my disorder is of a trifling nature."

The moment she could, with propriety, withdraw, she left the room. She had been seated about an hour, lost in painful reflections, when some one knocked at the door. Opening it, she beheld the governor; and before she could refuse him admittance, he came in, and shut the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An odd sort of Discursion, common in the Neighbourhood of Symrna.

IN this country there are a great number of storks, who build and hatch their young very regularly. The inhabitants, in order to divert themselves at the expence of those birds, place hen's eggs in the stork's nest, and when the young are hatched, the cock on seeing them of a different form from his own species, makes an hideous noise, which brings a crowd of other storks about the nest, and who to revenge the disgrace which they imagine the hen has brought upon her nest, destroy her, by pecking her to death: the cock, in the mean time, making the heaviest lamentation, as if bewailing his misfortune, which obliged him to have recourse to such disagreeable severities.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

BEING a young person, and having much leisure, a great portion of which I devote to reading, I propose sending you occasionally, extracts from some of my authors, to fill up a vacant column of your paper, for which you have not better provided. To shew you that I am not one of those great men, who "promise with a determination not to perform," I send you herewith a short essay on *Duelling*, which though an hackney'd theme, I hope may not be unacceptable to your readers, one of which is your correspondent, H. E. I.

A Reader's Gleanings, No. 1.

ON DUELLING.

"FROM the necessity of the esteem of others, have arisen single combats, and they have been established by the anarchy of the laws. They are thought to have been unknown to the ancients; perhaps because they did not assemble in their temples, in their theatres, or with their friends, suspiciously armed with swords; and, perhaps, because single combats were a common spectacle, exhibited to the people by gladiators, who were slaves, and whom free-men disdained to imitate.

"In vain have the laws endeavoured to abolish this custom, by punishing the offenders with death. A man of honour, deprived of the esteem of others, foresees that he must be reduced either to a solitary existence, insupportable to a social creature, or become the object of perpetual insult; considerations sufficient to overcome the fear of death.

"What is the reason that duels are not so frequent among the common people, as among the great? Not only because they do not wear swords, but because to men of that class, reputation is of less importance, than it is to those of a higher rank, who commonly regard each other with distrust and jealousy." *Beccaria.*

The following is conceived to be a proper supplement to the above—the sentiments are just; and extremely applicable to the times. It was originally copied from the N. C. Weekly Advertiser.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A Variety of occupations have prevented me from indulging a favorite amusement, that of throwing my desultory thoughts on paper, during which time many curious matters have occurred in these

states, to excite the wonder and admiration of such as, like myself, are removed by age and situation from the busy scenes of life. Amongst the various topics of the day, the late duels call most seriously upon the attention of the moralist.

DUELLING, to use the expression of Edmund Burke on another occasion, is an evil "that has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." It is an evil so pregnant with mischief, so injurious to society, and so incompatible with every religious and moral sentiment, that every man of humanity sighs at its prevalence, and shudders at its direful effects.

Swift says, "he should be sorry to see the legislature (speaking of England) make any more laws against duelling, as it is for the good of the community that villains and rascals should dispatch each other." Yes, and did villains and rascals only countenance this vile custom, it would be well—but alas! how many worthy men, too weak-minded to bear ridicule, too proud to condescend to explanation, and too tenacious to hear advice, have fallen victims to this vicious practice; owing, perhaps, to some intemperate warmth of expression! O that men had resolution enough to say to themselves on such occasions, "I owe my life to be exercised in virtuous acts to society; I owe it to my family, to preserve it, to add to their happiness and support; I owe it to my country, to be hazarded only in defence of her liberties; and I owe its services to that Almighty Being who bestowed it, until He shall himself recall the gift. I will not, therefore, return this insult. Let me convince my enemy, that

"Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong."

Like all old people, I have a great propensity for story-telling; and, if you allow it, I will relate a circumstance, which I know to be a fact, as I was personally acquainted with the parties, and which I recommend to our modern men of honour, who can vary it as circumstances require.

At N. a town something larger than your city, and where the inhabitants kept up nearly the same friendly intercourse, resided a gay easy man named Lynch, at whose house a certain consequential lawyer, named Allen, whose assuming airs had procured him the nickname of Count, visited in the familiarity of friendship. Lynch was a facetious character, and, at some unfortunate moment, wounded the pride of the Count, by his raillery. What could a gentleman do? It is obvious he was obliged to challenge his quondam friend. Lynch immediately returned him the following answer:

"SIR,

"You have had the extreme goodness to invite me to the very agreeable alternative of having my brains blown out, or of being hanged for blowing out yours, neither of which circumstances seem to accord with my feelings; for I am possessed of a few extravagant notions, which I sucked in with my mother's milk—that which ever should be the case, I shall howl for it hereafter. I have besides another objection, which I submit to your consideration, which is, that we are not on equal terms, and I am too proud, feeling my own superiority, as I do, to fight you, until we are—I have a beautiful, amiable wife, you are a batchelor: I have six children, dependent upon my exertions for the means of daily support: you have nobody to lament you dead, or who wants your assistance living! These are the terms, then, and on no other, will I hazard soul and body, to give you pleasure.—That you shall immediately look out for a wife, and get six children, and then, sir, we shall be on equal ground. If you do not like these terms, dine with the old party at my house, at 3 o'clock, and propose your own."

D. LYNCH."

Allen was no fool, he cursed a little as became a man of honour, then laughed, went to dinner, and the matter ended.

And was not this better than running the risk of leaving a family to want and misery.

Genuine Anecdote of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Sir Robert Walpole, had many enemies. In that number the celebrated William Shippen, well known in the annals of that period, was among the most conspicuous. Shippen, who secretly favoured the cause of the abdicated family, carried on a private treasonable correspondence with some of the favourers of that cause. Walpole, who was not ignorant of this circumstance, contrived matters so as to get into his hand a whole bundle of Shippen's treasonable letters. When he had obtained them, he sent for Mr. Shippen one morning for to speak with him about some particular business. He was politely received by the minister, who, after the usual compliments, put the letters into his hands, asking at the same time, if he knew that hand writing? Poor Shippen, as soon as he cast his eyes upon them was confounded and abashed. He wished to make an apology, but could only stammer out some incoherent words. Sir Robert then smiling, took him by the hand: "Be not afraid, said he, Mr. Shippen; I see well enough how matters stand. I

only wanted to convince you that I am not the very wicked creature you wished to persuade the world I am. Set your mind at ease. These papers I obtained merely for my own private information. I am satisfied; and be assured that no one else shall be the wiser for them." So saying, he took them from the trembling culprit, and threw them in the fire, where they were quickly reduced to ashes. "Go home in perfect security, and be assured that on all proper occasions I will promote your interest, just as if much as if no such thing had happened."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

AMONG the many improvements which our country has to boast of, I know of none that can be more pleasing to a liberal mind, than the rapid progress made in the education of females. The idea which was formerly adopted, of the inutility of giving our daughters a better education than merely reading and writing, has almost become obsolete; and the time is fast progressing, when they shall have no more cause to reproach us for want of opportunity of at least acquiring what may be really useful.—I was led to this remark, by reading in your Repository, a short time since, an extract of an address from Mr. JAMES A. NEAL, Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy of this city, to his pupils, on the importance of composition. A subject which has already excited considerable attention, and I hope will become deservedly popular. Too long has it been disingenuously neglected. No rational mind can deny but that a great fund of entertainment may be derived from this useful study, and after acquiring a general knowledge of the rudiments of the English Grammar, and other branches common in our Academies, would ultimately prove of more real benefit than any other: for I will venture to assert, that were a short time appropriated to this branch, that of reading, writing and spelling grammatically, would naturally follow, besides drawing from the mind an infinite number of ideas, which perhaps would otherwise have for ever remained inactive. How frequently do we see persons of superior understandings, who can with perfect ease, communicate their ideas in common conversation; yet, when necessitated to express them on paper, totally at a loss in what manner to begin.

I am well aware that there are many who will object to this mode of study, from a supposition that females have very little occasion, and some perhaps not once in their lives ever write a letter.—From such

contracted beings no encouragement can be expected. But I appeal to the parents and guardians of children, who may coincide with me in opinion, whether a part of the time which is occupied in tambouring, filligreeing, &c. would not be much more usefully employed in this way.—I have daughters of my own, Mr. Hogan, and I wish to see them improve in their mental endowments, equally with those of a more trivial nature, which are commonly called accomplishments. I would not, however, have you suppose I am such a perfect *crab-tree*, as to be wholly opposed to those accomplishments which I have dared to call trivial; no Sir, I am willing to indulge my children in them; but I shall endeavour not to lose sight of those that are useful, for such as are unnecessary.—It being commonly the case, that where improvements of this kind are suggested, however useful they may appear, they are too often neglected, merely from a want of some person of known respectability to give them countenance. I hope the good Citizens of Philadelphia will see the propriety of this hint, and if you should think it worth insertion, you may probably hear again from A PARENT.

Commentator, No. 1.

"A crude, unshapen thing——"

PERIODICAL Papers have been a very fashionable medium, by which the cynic or the philosopher have diffused their opinions—some to amend by cool arguments, others to rail at, and force mankind to adopt manners congenial to their own, by bitter sarcasm, and harsh reproof. The immortal Addison is the most conspicuous on the list of worthies, who have exerted their talents in correcting the abuses, and reforming the vices of the age in which they lived; and his meritorious endeavours have been more successful than any others. The genuine wit, and keen satire, which his pages contain, were calculated to effect the wish'd for reformation, if the attainment of such a desirable object had been possible, and I have no doubt, by that means many were reclaim'd who had wandered far from the paths of virtue. If my feeble endeavours could be so successful, as to rescue one from the dominion of vice, I should think myself extremely fortunate, if years of labour were expended in the attempt; but such a reward is far above my deserts, and I dare not expect it, since the skill and talents of those who were so much my su-

periors were unable to give any of the fashionable follies a mortal wound.

Since the period at which the publication of the *Spectator* was suspended, innumerable have been the periodical writers who have started up as censors of mankind; some no doubt, with the views they professed, whilst others were animated with a desire of making themselves famous, or of disseminating some favourite sentiment. Some of this motley groupe have made themselves eminent by their depth of reasoning, or by the elegance of their language; and others have made themselves infamous by the inculcation of atheistical creeds, or the abuse of private characters. Of rising to eminence by the former means I have no expectation; and of acquiring notice by the latter I have no ambition: my sole end, Mr. Editor, for troubling you with my correspondence is to give publicity to a few cursory ideas and observations (as they chance to occur) on men and manners, or on whatever subject may arise to claim attention. Religious and political controversies are, I suppose, excluded from your paper—and very justly; for the first is a subject of too much importance to be discussed without deliberation, and the latter is very liable to create warmth, and mostly concludes with the conviction of neither party. These are topics which I never attempted to discuss, because I ever conceived it to be beyond my circumscribed abilities in the first respect, and ever contrary to my inclination in the second. Discourses upon religion, when delivered or written by men of talents, may be productive of instruction to the hearers or readers, but when a subject of such infinite importance is discussed by persons who are vain enough to suppose themselves calculated for it, when in fact, they are the very reverse, it always appears the worse for it. Politics are productive of no instruction, nor entertainment, but have always been, and probably always will be, a never-failing source of discord: they are indeed a fine field in which talents may be displayed to advantage; but no desire of entering the lists in a dispute of this kind, ever entered into my heart; for as Pope says of himself,

"Sworn to no master, of no sect am I."

So I could have but the motive of vanity to induce me to turn my attention to it. The world has been, ever since the creation, rapidly progressing in vice, and although it has been somewhat impeded in its course by the strenuous exertions of those virtuous men, who have at different periods undertaken the arduous design of reforming it,

yet it has, I fear, now become invulnerable to the arrows of ridicule. I have been ready to suppose that mankind had almost arrived at the climax of vice, and that as it is impossible to remain in a fixed state, they would shortly commence a retrograde movement, and in time regain the path of virtue. Such being the desperate situation of mankind, how much are we in want of the talents of an Addison, that he might exhibit their vices in their true colours, and give a just but melancholy picture of their depravity.

J.

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For the Philadelphia Repository.

"Some have for wits, then poets pass'd,
 "Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain
 fools at last.
 "Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 "As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
 "Drink deep—or taste not the Pierian
 spring.
 "Pride, when wit fails, steps in to our de-
 "And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

POPE.

MR. HOGAN,

ON perusing your paper of last Saturday, I was very much surprised to find it contained a criticism on the performance, given by the *Philo-Thespian*, at the Old Theatre, on the 21st ult. for their *own amusement only*, and that of their *friends*: but it appears, very obvious, Mr. Editor, that all were *not friends* to whom they presented tickets, otherwise such an ungrateful return (to make use of no harsher an expression) could not have come from the pen of so contemptible a personage as C. R. Candidus has fully proved himself to be.

Had this most generous and most honourable critic, contributed one mite towards defraying the expenses of the exhibition, he would have been somewhat justified in making such remarks; but that was not the case—the performance being entirely at the expence of the society. I would, certainly advise him, before he attempts to criticise in future, to employ some one, acquainted with the rudiments of grammar, to correct his illiterate scrawl, e'er it makes its appearance in public print. However, upon consideration, his first appearance had better be his last, at least for this season.—His ignorance is still further manifested, in saying the *Tragedy was curtail'd*—and in calling the lady of St. Valori, *Amelia*; I would beg leave to ask him, if he ever read the play, if he had, he would find the lady's name is *Mgtilda*.

In remarking the *decorum* and propriety of the audience, in not attempting to hiss,

he most assuredly pays them a very high compliment, by supposing them possessed of *common politeness*. But I will not hesitate to say, that had our *worthy critic* found any other pitiful unprincipled fellow, like himself, who would have joined him, we should have been honoured with a *loud specimen* of his *decorum* and *propriety*, if *cowardice* (which is constantly the companion of ingratitude) had not prevented him.

I would advise you, however, good Mr. Critic, to let no more specimens of your *abilities*, appear before the public; but, conscious of your ingratitude, for the *kindness received*, take *shame* and *contempt* to yourself; and let your *own reflections* for ever consign you and your pen, to that oblivion you have taken such uncommon pains to merit.

A SPECTATOR.

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For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE NUTS.

MR. HOGAN,

I FANCY the lad of ten years had the picking of the nuts previous to their being presented to me; or what is more probable, they had been cracked and the kernels eaten by the *original proprietor*; for after raking and scraping a considerable time, and several times, I could find nothing but shells, and some of them very finely pulverised. And what appears to favour my conjecture, is the difficulty, if not impracticability, of Tom, Ned and Jack's otherwise obtaining the precise quantity said to have been taken by them; for although, with some knowledge of the mathematics, leisure and suitable instruments, the boy might have divided a nut so as to furnish the charming Dolly with neither more nor less than fifty-seven sixty-fourths of it, yet I cannot conceive that in the haste of robbery, Tom, Ned and Jack could have been equally accurate, unless they had been previously broken; and even then, it would be next to a miracle that they should get a certain quantity, and neither more or less than $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a single nut. However, as the youth has no doubt in idea eaten his nuts with pleasure, we will for his further satisfaction present him with some imaginary

APPLES TO EAT.

It is said, that a youth being desirous of obtaining the hand of an amiable girl in marriage, applied for the consent of her parents, which was granted, upon conditions that were happily and speedily complied with. They were these: He was directed to obtain a certain number of apples—present half, and half an apple more than half to the father—half, and half an apple more

than half of the remainder to the mother—half the residue and half an apple more than half to the daughter, and retain the same proportion of the complement for himself.

Query, The least possible number which can be apportioned in this manner, without splitting and dividing apples—which being answered by your youth of ten, he is at liberty to demand and receive the quantity left, after the young man had received his portion, as a recompence for his ingenuity.

TWICE EIGHT.

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For the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

Anecdotes of eminent men are always pleasing and instructive. The late Dr. WITHERSPOON was an eminent divine, an accurate scholar, a profound politician, and a poignant satirist. His "*Ecclesiastical Characteristics*" are a specimen of his wit and satire. The following instances may not perhaps prove unacceptable to your readers.

WHILE DR. WITHERSPOON was minister in Paisley, (N. B.) previous to his coming to America. Mr. Campbel, a very eloquent and popular preacher, came there. The greater part of the Doctor's congregation went to hear him one Sabbath. To the remainder who attended, he said, "That as a great many of this congregation have acted a disorderly part, in deserting his ministry, he desired those present, to inform those who had gone off, that next Lord's day he intended to address them particularly, and reprove them for their conduct." This excited great curiosity to know what he would say, and his church was exceedingly crowded, not only by those of his own congregation, who had been hearing Mr. Campbel, but numbers came from other congregations to hear those reprov'd. The Dr. took no notice of the offence in his discourses thro' the day; but just before pronouncing the apostolical benediction, he said, "It would be expected that he would now give a reproof to those who were absent the preceding Sabbath, but as they had attended so very well that day, he would pass it by."

THE Dr. once coming from Princeton to Philadelphia in the stage, was exceedingly hurt by a gentleman passenger, who swore dreadfully. He said nothing to him till they came to Trenton, he then addressed him thus: "Sir, you have had a hard task in swearing all the way from Princeton to Trenton; now Sir, if your please, I will do all the rest of the swearing to Philadelphia." This so confounded him, that he swore no more at that time in the stage.

[The remainder next week.]

PHILADELPHIA,

March 7.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Stage, No. 1." "Mistake, v. Blunder."
"Ignotus," &c. shall appear next week.

A second answer has been received to the piece signed C. R. Candidus; but as the sentiments in both are much the same, one was deemed sufficient.

The SONG and MUSIC for March will be found in an extra sheet.

ERATO.

The reader will please to correct the following error in the original of the piece signed C. R. Candidus, viz. in the third column of the sixth page, twelfth line from the top—for *Amelia* read *Matilda*.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

LAST week's Repository left the Austrian Army in Germany, in the most disastrous situation, pressed on all sides by the victorious MOREAU. By later arrivals, London papers to the 21st Jan. have been received; by which it appears, that affairs in Italy, on the side of the Austrians, have been fully as disastrous as in Germany. The French, under Gen. Brune, having forced the passage of the Mincio at the points of Monzanbano and Molino, overpowering the most obstinate resistance of the Austrians on its left bank, had taken 24 pieces of cannon, 8000 prisoners, and killed 4000 of the enemy. The whole loss of the Austrians in Italy, amounted to 17,000 killed, wounded, and missing, and 28 pieces of cannon; which, added to that of 25,000 men, and 140 pieces of artillery in Germany, must give a distressing idea of the state to which the Imperial armies were reduced. After the battle of Hohenlinden, the Emperor immediately determined upon the return of the Archduke to the army, invested with the full powers of Generalissimo. This event created the most lively sensations throughout the Austrian dominions: but the disorganized state in which he found the army, and subsequent losses, soon compelled him to propose a new armistice; which was acceded to on the part of the French, upon the conditions of the Emperor's treating for a separate peace, and delivering up all the strong places protecting the defiles which form the entrance into the Tyrol, the fortress of Wurtzburg in Franconia, and the city of Braunau, on the lower Inn. These conditions, necessity

compelled the Emperor to accept; and the plenipotentiaries at Luneville were to commence negotiations for a separate peace between Austria and France, on the 1st of January, 1801.

A Letter from Hamburg, January 3, further states, that "the Archduke Charles has received full powers to conclude peace, and that the Preliminaries are signed."

Appearances seem to indicate a rupture between Russia and the Porte.

An American frigate, the first ship of war belonging to the U. S. that ever entered a Turkish harbour, arrived at Constantinople on the 23 ult. with the tribute or presents from the Dey of Algiers, estimated to be worth five millions of piasters. The American captain was under the immediate protection of the Algerine ambassador, and was also received in the most hospitable manner by Lord Elgin, the British Ambassador."

Wednesday last being the day on which THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esq. was inaugurated into the Presidential chair, it was observed in this city, by the friends of the new Administration, in a festive, but decorous and orderly manner. The morning was ushered in by a discharge of artillery and ringing of bells. About 10 o'clock a procession was formed at the Sate House yard, which commenced its movement at 12, announced by a discharge of 16 rounds of artillery; and, having made a circuit down Walnut-street to Second-street, proceeded from thence to the German Reformed Church, where, after appropriate music, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, an oration, suitable to the occasion, was delivered by Mr. Beckly.

By a gentleman direct from Lake Erie, we learn, that there is every probability of a war breaking out between the Seneca chief Cornplanter, and the Munsee nation of Indians.

Deaths.

DIED on the 28th ult. after a lingering illness, of 21 months, Mrs. Mary Godard, in the 83d year of her age.

—On board the frigate United States, on the 31st of December last, lieutenant William McCleary, of the marine corps.

—On Monday morning, in the 25 year of her age, Miss Harriet Penrose, daughter of the late Isaac Penrose.

—On Wednesday last, Mrs. Allison wife of Col. Robert Allison.

MR. HOGAN,

I COULD not help taking notice of a piece in your paper, of the 28th ult. respecting the unfortunate fire, which in my absence, destroyed my Soap and Candle Manufactory in Second-street. My feelings, I assure you, Sir, were a good deal hurt by the accident, and the writer of the piece alluded to, if he intended to wound them afresh, should (even at the expence of generosity) have kept truth in view—He should have informed himself better before he suffered his zeal to get too warm.

He mentions the heat arising from tallow, rosin, &c. when on fire, these we all know are inflammable substances, especially the latter; but, I assure you, there was not a pound of rosin on the premises, except part of a bad barrel, which lay, and has lain 70 or 80 feet from the house, and now remains safe.

In my opinion, your correspondent calculates the loss sustained by the fire there in 1793, rather too great; 7000 dolls. (not pounds) would, I believe, at that time, have been deemed a high estimate.

As to four fires happening there, except he includes those in the neighbourhood, my recollection reduces the number to only the two above mentioned; and except the unfortunate affair of Mr. A. Brown, and Thomas Beatugh, 3d door to the north, I do not recollect of any fire happening in the neighbourhood for 25 or 30 years past.

Lastly, His smell is offended by the effluvia arising from putrid substances: I can appeal to my neighbours, that I have uniformly been careful to remove any thing which might be offensive, and until now, have never heard any complaint. On the whole, Sir, whatever may be the sentiments of my fellow-citizens, exaggeration should not take the place of candor.

I hope your candor will not refuse a place to the above remarks, I am, Sir,

Your obedient servt.

ANDREW KENNEDY.

Justice to the gentleman who drew up the statement alluded to, as well as to the sufferers in 1793, compels the editor to remark, that Mr. Dobson states his own loss at that time to amount to between 5 and 6000l. Mr. Kennedy must have been led into an error, by not being fully aware of the loss accruing to a bookseller, by having a number of editions of books rendered incomplete, when, but a part of them are destroyed, as was the case with Mr. Dobson; as well the confusion into which his extensive printing-office was thrown, which reduced it in value to almost nothing. Besides, it was not meant, that Mr. K. had his manufactory four times burnt down on that identical spot; but only that there had been four instances of fire in his manufactory generally; as he carries on the business in other parts of the city. This, however, was only given as a report. The editor sincerely sympathizes with Mr. K. on the present unfortunate occasion, and nothing but a sense of duty could have induced him to make the above remarks.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

An Old Ballad.

IT was a friar of orders graye,
Walk'd forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a ladie faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.
Now Christ thee save, thou rev'rend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine,
My true love thou didst see.
And how should I know your true love,
From many another one?
Oh by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoone*.
But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so faire to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.
Oh ladye, he is dead and gone!
—Ladye, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his feet a stone.
Within these holy cloisters long,
He languisht, and he dye'd,
Lamenting of a ladye's love,
And playning of her pride.
Here bore him, barefac'd on his bier,
Six proper youths, and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave,
Within yon kirk-yard wall.
And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!
Oh weep not, ladye, weep not soe;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
No teares bedew thy cheek.
Oh do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladye's love.
And now, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll e'ermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

* These are the distinguishing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle shells in their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their duty.

Weep no more, ladye, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vaine,
For violets pluckt, the sweetest showers,
Will ne'er make growe again.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye;
Why then should sorrow last!
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past.

Oh say not soe, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not soe;
For since my true love dye'd for me,
'Tis meet my teares should flowe.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he's dead and laid in's grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comliest youth was he!—
But he is dead and laid in's grave;
Alas! and woe is me!

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
"Men were deceivers ever:
"One foot on sea, and one on land,
"To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
"And left thee sad and heavy;
"For young men e'er were fickle found,
"Since summer trees were leafy*.

Now say not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe:
My love he had the truest heart:
Oh he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for mee?
Then farewell home; for evermore,
A pilgrime I will bee.

But first upon my true-love's grave,
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair ladye, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of graye,
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace*,
Is not yet past away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Once more unto my heart:
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

* Shakespeare. † The Year of Probation.

For the *Philadelphia Repository*.

A SONG.

COME my friends, let us be gay,
Let's be gladsome whilst me may,
Let us all in joy be found,
Let the cheerful song go round.

Think no more concerning grief,
Thinking cannot give relief;
Never let to-morrow's care
Drive to-night into despair.

Laugh at care, and care defy;
Care that scourge of ev'ry joy;
But to make our joy's complete,
Tyrant care cast from his seat.

On the throne let love be plac'd,
Love that warms each gen'rous breast;
Love may boast celestial birth,
Care must own its parent earth.

Friendship is a-kin to love;
Friendship too, came from above:
Join the bands of love and friends,
Share the blessings heaven sends.

Let their laws our actions bind,
Friendly be to all mankind;
Fruitful be, and multiply—
These are maxims from on high.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

AN INSCRIPTION ON A TOMB.

Here lyeth the body of MARY ***** who
departed this life in the year 1792.
Leaving behind her no enemies,
And who by her kind offices
Had made many friends.

EPITAPH.

If tombs to man can any use afford,
'Tis when the virtues of the dead record;
And lessons to surviving mortals give,
How others have, and how themselves
should live.
A noble instance here of one we find,
Who liv'd not for herself; but for mankind.
Her goods, her services, yea all her ends,
Seem'd centre'd—not in her; but in her
friends.

* Subscriptions for this Paper received at the office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6½ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.